



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, AMUSING MISCELLANY, HUMOROUS AND HISTORICAL ANECDOTES, POETRY, &c.

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### SELECT TALES.

Extracted from the 'Bivouac,' a work in press by E. L. Carey and A. Hart, of Philadelphia.

#### Barbara Maxwell.

##### A STORY.

He clasped her sleeping to his heart,  
And listened to each broken word;  
He hears—why doth Prince Azo start,  
As if the archangel's voice he heard?  
That sleeping whisper of a name,  
Bespeaks her guilt, and Azo's shame!—PARSINA.

Imogen. False to his bed! What is to be false?

Pisanio. Alas! good lady!

Imogen. I false!

CYMBELINE.

THE night was dark and stormy; the snow fell fast, and the wind howled through the leafless branches of the old oaks which encircled Selby Place. Doors shook and casements rattled as the frequent gusts struck them heavily. All without was gloomy and inclement, while the scene of joyous revelry within formed a striking contrast. Christmas passed, and right hospitably had that ancient festival been observed. Twelfth night was come, and all that was noble and fair for many a mile around was assembled in the Baron's hall; while in buttery and kitchen yeomen and domestics were carousing merrily.

The feasting was ended, and the hall was cleared for the dance. The music struck up a sprightly measure; and in the silver stream that a hundred tapers shed over the polished floor, stately dames and bright eyed damsels were led from their seats by the noblest of the youth of Britain.

It was the mirthful season of the year, venerated alike by saint and sinner, when a world's deliverance had been achieved, and why should not all be happy? Beauty was beaming from sparkling eyes, wine had cheered the heart, and glee and roundelay lightened the bosoms of every lurking care. Yet in that joyous company one spirit was depressed; and he who should have been the happiest of all sighed in secret although with a forced smile of welcome, he did the honors of his father's hall to the distinguished guests whom the old baron had collected.

But three months had passed since George Selby had been united to a young and beautiful bride. Who had not heard of Barbara Maxwell? When the wine cup was drained to beauty, Barbara's was the name that hallowed it. If the minstrel lacked a theme for his ballad, who would he choose but Lord Nithsdale's daughter? The hunter left the chase to gaze upon her, if her white jennet passed him on the moor; and even the fair themselves owned that Barbara was fairer. All said she was born to be loved; while unconscious of the charms which envy admitted to be peerless, her unassuming gentleness would win a heart that could look on loveliness like hers, and be unmoved.

Long and ardently George Selby had wooed and long had success been doubtful. A lover's path is rarely smooth, and his had been beset with difficulties. But what will not the ardor of youthful passion overcome? George Selby's truth and constancy succeeded; and Barbara knelt with him at the altar, and became his forever.

We have already hinted that obstacles had delayed Selby's marriage; and though he had won his love, the union, strange as it may appear, had not been one that either of the families approved. Among the flowers of the northern youth, Selby was the first. He was barely touching on ripe manhood, and his face and figure were just what please women. Gifted with natural talents, his education had been sedulously attended to, and in the many exercises of the times he was accounted perfect. His turn had been a military one; and he had already served two campaigns in the Low Countries, and gained brilliant reputation as a rising soldier. But Barbara's charms won him from war to love, and at her feet he laid his youthful laurels. Heir to the ancient title and estates of a family coeval with the Conquest, Selby might have sought the proudest damsel at the court of his royal master; and old and powerful as the house of Maxwell might account themselves, the lineage of the bold bridegroom in pride and antiquity, was equal even to that of the lords of Nithsdale.

And what could a union of two persons thus formed for each other? Alas! that which had caused many a heart to bleed, and flung thorns in the path of love—that which has caused the deepest attachment to pine away and perish? Selby and his beautiful bride were professors of different creeds, and both bigoted in their respective beliefs on matters of religion. George dissented warmly from the errors of the Italian church; while Barbara had been taught from infancy to consider that of her forefathers the true and apostolic faith, and that to the shorn priest of Rome, the power alone rested to remit her sins, and point the path that would lead her to salvation.

That love, and tenderly they loved each other, should stifle any unhappy misgivings in two young breasts, might have been expected, and under common circumstances such would have been undoubtedly the case. But a fierce and acrimonious temper pervaded the religionists of those uncharitable days; a dreadful discovery had just been made; and accident brought to light the foulest conspiracy that the demon spirit of bigotry had ever fabricated.

Within a few days after Selby had wedded Barbara Maxwell, the infernal plot to blow up the king and parliament was accidentally discovered, and the chief of those concerned tried, and brought most justly to the scaffold. A dreadful sensation was created by the atrocity of the plan, and men hitherto tolerant, became ruthless persecutors. The fears of the timid could not be readily allayed, and the fiercer minded turned them to account. Determined to uproot popery from the land, all of the faith was branded as disloyal; and many utterly ignorant of the intended murder of the king and council of the nation, were falsely implicated in a conspiracy, from which in their very souls they revolted, while every Romanist was obnoxious to suspicion. Barbara's eldest brother, to whom she was most devotedly attached, happened at the time to be traveling abroad. The tenacity with which the Maxwells clung to their father's faith and resisted the attempts of the re-

formers, caused them amongst others to be suspected. The master of Nithsdale was denounced as a principal in the infernal plot; and a journey solely undertaken for pleasure, was tortured into a political embassy to the court of Spain, to require for the conspirators countenance and assistance from abroad.

That Selby's young bride should not feel unpleasant consequences from this burst of national indignation which the atrocious designs of the popish party so justly drew forth, would be impossible. All who surrounded her were uncompromising followers of the reformers, and were, from old prejudice and late disclosures, deeply incensed against every disciple of the church of Rome. Barbara had been taught to consider protestant hostility to her faith as implacable; and conscious of the enormity of the recent plot, with the sensibility of a soft and fearful nature, she fancied that she perceived an abated ardor in George Selby's love, and read distrust in looks that were never turned upon her but in kindness. Even the homage her charms elicited from her husband's kinsman was mistaken; and general attentions were, as she imagined, used only to hide concealed dislike.

Lord Nithsdale had been residing for some time in the ancient dwelling of the Maxwells, the castle of Cærlaverock; and the inclemency of the season for many weeks prevented Barbara from having any communication with her father's isolated home. Nothing beyond the general rumor had reached her respecting the plot. She heard that many of those implicated had been brought to justice, and paid the penalty of their treason.

In deference to his lady's faith, George Selby, with the tact of gentle breeding seldom alluded to a subject which he knew must pain her feelings, and Barbara was perfectly unconscious that suspicion had fallen on any of her proud name. She grieved that men professing her religion, could have imagined a design so desperately wicked, and by their crimes brought obloquy and shame on the unoffending members of their own faith.

When it was asserted that Ralph Maxwell was connected with the conspiracy, George Selby behaved as a brave man should, and stoutly maintained the innocence of his absent relative. His devotion to his bride was tender and respectful, and such as her birth and beauty demanded; and though he observed with pain a striking alteration in her manner, never for a moment did he permit his own regard to appear unabated.

On the twelfth night, according to the ancient usage of the Selbys, all that was distinguished in the north of Cumberland had assembled in the castle hall. Noble as was the feasting and light the revelry, one circumstance clouded the general joy. She

who should have been the meteor beauty for all to gaze on, had with evident exertion contrived to sit through the banquet; her deep dejection could not be concealed; and while all beside were waiting for the dance, Barbara had left the hall.

Where was the bride? In vain the eyes of many sought her through the spacious chamber. The ball was stayed; the lady inquired for, and her maid presently returned with an apology from her mistress, excusing, under the plea of indisposition, her temporary absence from the company. The baron knitted his dark brows in anger; and took his son aside. What passed was brief, and in a whisper. A red flush colored young Selby's cheek, and bowing to his father, he left the hall. The lord of the mansion waved his hand, the music played a merry air; and the dance commenced.

If the mission on which George Selby went, had been to induce his fair lady to rejoin the company, it failed; for he returned alone. His look was agitated, and his manner unusually excited. He stopped but for a short time in the hall, beckoned a favorite kinsman to follow, and turning down a dark corridor, entered a recess at the extremity, whose remoteness from the scene of merriment, permitted an unreserved conversation to pass between his cousin and himself.

'George,' said the latter, 'what has disturbed you thus? believe me, others beside me have noticed it. Rouse thee, man. Our customary festival, and the noble company who have met to share our twelfth night revelry, demand a merrier mood than thine.'

'Alas!' replied the youth, with a deep sigh, 'Alas! Harry, I am very wretched; and I cannot with so sad a heart put on a smiling countenance.'

'And what thus chafes you, George, and at such an ill-timed season?' inquired his kinsman. 'If it be not a secret—'

'Secrets I have none from thee Harry. Friends from infancy like us—'

'Why, yes, George,' returned Wyndham; 'few brothers love each other better. My mother lived only to give me birth; my father was slain six months after, and I was thus left an orphan. I was nursed in the same chamber that thou wert, in boyhood the same teacher schooled us; we played at the same games; and when we grew up, and went together to the wars, one tent covered us, and on the same field we rode our first charge side by side together. Can Harry Wyndham do ought to relieve his friend's distress?'

'Alas! No. My sorrows are beyond thy friendly ministry.'

'And yet George, surely thou shouldst be happy if ever man was. Hast thou not won an honorable reputation? Hast thou not before thee a rich inheritance? Art thou

not of noble lineage? But far beyond all these, art thou not mated to the loveliest and gentlest maid, that the border, famed as it is for beauty, ever boasted?'

'And there lies my sorrow Hal.'

'Indeed! 'tis strange.'

'Strange, Harry, it may be, but, alas! it is too true,'—returned young Selby with a bitter sigh.

'I am lost in wonder!' exclaimed his friend and cousin.

'Look down the corridor, and be certain there be no listener near.'

Wyndham obeyed and replied,

'We are safe from intrusion; none can approach, but I shall see them. Whoever comes hither must cross yon stream of light, and it will reveal him to us.—Speak George; speak freely to your kinsman.'

'Harry,' returned Selby, 'I know your love for me, and can I mark mine better, than by opening to you those secret sorrows that shall be hidden from all else, even my father?' Alas! that I should have lived to make the sad confession. Barbara loves not! or if she does her love is for another!'

Wyndham started as if a dagger pierced him.

'Hold George; for God's sake; hold! Art thou mad, or doting? By Heavens! had any tongue but thine breathed such a thought; so damning to the reputation of my gentle kinswoman; I would have stabbed him!'

'If, Hal, thou canst feel this, marvel not that my cheek is blanched, and my heart agonized beyond what thou or any other can imagine.'

'But,' exclaimed Wyndham passionately; 'why these dreadful doubts? What George, can have produced this sad and horrible suspicion? She; Barbara Maxwell! She; whose angel looks are only emblems of her purity. By my soul's hope, the thing is utterly incredible! George, my friend, my brother, banish the idle phantasies. The blessed sun is not more stainless, than the sweet and guiltless beauty who sleeps upon thy bosom!'

'Oh! that I could but think so! Listen to me Harry; Listen, for I will tell thee all. Thou knowest that in creeds we differ; and ere Barbara consented to wed me, fearful she might be influenced in the exercise of her religion, she stipulated that she should be permitted to worship Heaven as she pleased. I pledged a knight's word that in this her will should be undisputed; and I have kept that promise faithfully. Lest in a household like ours, where all are ardent Protestants, any thing should interrupt her in the performance of her religious duty, I fitted for her use the oratory my grandame used, before the blessed reformation turned our house



from idle ceremonies to the true faith. There Barbara's devotions were secured from intrusion; none but herself had access to that suite of chambers; she alone keeps the key, and when she would meditate or pray, no eye save that which looks on all, watches her secret orisons.'

'Twas right, George,' exclaimed Selby's kinsman. 'Need I tell how much I hate that idolatrous communion; but till it please Heaven to point out that path, and clear that film away which papal delusions have cast over Barbara's reason, as a true knight and lover, thou must protect her in the free exercise of what she thinks religious worship.'

'I have done so, Harry, and so will I continue doing. But to proceed. For a time, if ever man knew happiness, I found it in Barbara's arms. She trusted to the creed in which she had been so artfully schooled; but though her views were false, there was in all she thought and did such fervid piety, that, if innocent adoration be pleasing to the Deity, hers must have been acceptable. Once, and once only, I stole unguardedly upon her privacy. She was kneeling before the altar of the Virgin Mother. I approached in silence; and, unconscious that any one was listening, I overheard her supplications. The orison that passed her rosy lips was for my present and eternal happiness; and so innocent but ardently was the petition offered up, that I knelt beside her and united my prayers with hers. Was it wrong? What though the Virgin smiled upon us, it was not the senseless canvass on which the Florentine had poured the magic touches of his pencil that I worshipped. No; it was to him alone who had power that I bent my knee. We rose. She flung her arms around me, and as she kissed me murmured, 'George, though our creeds may differ, surely, lord of my love! our hearts are one!'

'And can a doubt touching the love of such a woman cross thy mind, George?' 'Alas! my friend, what an alteration have a few weeks made. From the time that infernal conspiracy was discovered, I have remarked her to become thoughtful and depressed. Fancying that she feared I should imbibe a prejudice against popery, that might even extend itself to her, I endeavored by renewed attentions to prove that my love was unchangeable. She seemed to feel my kindness wept upon my bosom, and thanked me for my confidence. Suddenly a change came over her. She became timid, absent, and desponding. If I entered her chamber unexpectedly, she started as if I were an object to be feared.'

'Her devotional exercises were redoubled, and yesterday she was for several hours secluded in her oratory. To a casual observation which her long absence inadvertently

elicited, she blushed and trembled like a guilty thing. But last night; damnation!' and he struck his forehead wildly with his hand. 'Even to you, loved and trusted as a brother, I can hardly mention it. Last night an uneasy thought had kept me waking, while Barbara was slumbering at my side. The chamber lamp beamed out with uncommon brilliancy, and I could not but regard with a husband's pride, the angel form that rested on my arm. She was dreaming. I saw her face flushed with pleasure; she pressed me to her bosom, laid her lips to mine; kissed me with ardor; and murmured, "Welcome, my beloved; thrice welcome. How could you remain so long away? Come to my heart my love;" and O God! the name she named was not—*mine*!'

He shuddered in an agony of passion—both remained silent for some moments, until Selby recovered, and continued:

'You marked her bearing at the banquet; and when, by my father's request, I sought her chamber, to entreat she would return to the company, her maid, the daughter of her nurse, in whom she reposes boundless confidence, told me in evident confusion, that her mistress had retired to the oratory, and begged she might not be disturbed. What, Harry, can all this mean? Is it a fitting season for telling beads, when the noblest in the land have come to my father's hall for mirth and revelry? Yes, I might pardon readily this ill-timed devotion; but oh, God! how can I excuse that guilty kiss—how extenuate that damning exclamation!

In vain for a while did Wyndham strive to calm the excited feelings of his unhappy kinsman. By degrees Selby's violence softened down, and he was composing himself to rejoin his father's guests, when Wyndham touched his arm, and pointed to a female figure which crossed the light, and hastened towards the place they had conversed in.

'It is Barbara's attendant,' he whispered, 'What can bring her here?'

Gillian approached, and as she drew near the recess, the kinsman heard her mutter.

'Where can he be? They said he passed this corridor. Hist! Master of Selby!' and she raised her voice.

'Who calls?' said George Selby, advancing.

'What would you with me Gillian?'

'You *here*, master! and in the dark too! No wonder I have sought you vainly?'

'Your business, Gillian?'

'It is to say that my lady is desirous to return. She feels her spirits lighter and only wants you, Master of Selby, to conduct her to the hall.'

'George,' said Wyndham, in a low voice, 'go instantly. Notwithstanding all your doubts, I'll pawn my life upon her love. Never could evil heart inhabit a form like

Barbara Maxwell's. Go my kinsman. I'll go before you and announce that your lady's indisposition is so far abated, as to enable her to meet your father's guests again. Believe me, the tidings will be welcome.'

'Ay—Gillian, say to your mistress that I shall be with her presently; and thou, Hal, excuse my absence as thou best canst.'

He said, and hastened to his wife's apartment, while his kinsman rejoined the merry company, and intimated that the 'Border flower,' as Barbara was called, might be presently expected.

But where went Barbara Maxwell? When she left the hall she hastened to her own chamber, and summoned her attendant. Gillian presented her mistress with a light, placed a basket in her hand and then took post in the passage, while her lady proceeded to the oratory. 'Twas a strange time for prayer! but it was not to pray that Barbara stole from the festive throng. Softly she unlocked the chamber of devotion; and when the door opened, what did the taper glance on? Was it the sculptured effigy of some holy martyr, or the softer features of the penitent Madonna? No—Stretched on a sofa, a young cavalier was slumbering; and instead of rosary and missal, a rapier and pistols were laid upon the lady's table!

On tip toe the bride of George Selby approached the sleeping knight.

'Hist, Ralph wake—'tis I—'tis Barbara.'

The stranger sprang up, clasped the fair visitor to his heart, and kissed her again and again.

'Why hast thou left the hall?' he said. 'I half repent that I chose this place for shelter. Thou wilt be missed, my sister, and thy absence will pain thy gallant husband, and possibly occasion surprise if not beget displeasure.'

'And didst thou think, dear Ralph, that I would leave thee here in darkness, and without food, while I was gaily feasting! Oh, no—I fancied the tables would never be drawn; and my impatience, I am sure, was far too marked to pass unnoticed. Come, Ralph, let's see what Gillian has provided,' and she lighted a lamp that hung from the ceiling while the Master of Nithsdale quickly unclosed the basket.

'Ah! blessings on thee Gillian. Look Barbara, what fare the gipsy has lighted on. A pastry that would tempt a Monk; and two flasks, Rhenish and Burgundy, if I judge rightly from the color. If this be hardship, as you called it, may my visitations never be more severe. Why, in the next room there is a pallet fit for a cardinal's repose. Well I'll to supper, and do thou return. Do, dearest sister, thy absence will seem remarkable.'

'I cannot leave thee, Ralph; for there is a mystery in this concealment that has made me truly wretched.'

'Hush—I'll tell it thee to-morrow.'

'Now, Ralph; be it now; if thou lovest me.'

'Well if it must be so, our supper and story shall proceed together. Draw that cork, Barbara; 'tis not the first time thou wert my Hebe, girl—girl—Ah! girl no longer. Pardon me honored dame—I cry, thy mercy. My next visit mayhap will dub me uncle.'

'Hush, thou malapert. Come, do not trifle with me. If you knew how miserable I am and have been, you would without delay remove my doubtings.'

'Well, well, Barbara, it must be done. Sit down. Wilt thou not pledge me? Right Rhenish as ever crossed the sea. Thou must drink Barbara; else, as you know, I may be drugged, unless I insist upon that security.'

'How teasing, thou trifling boy. I'll poison thee to-morrow, if I be kept in suspense a moment longer.'

'Well, girl, the tale is simple—but I would rather thou wouldst stay for it till morning.'

'Not one moment, Ralph. 'Tis no light event that obliges the Master of Nithsdale to hide him in his sister's chamber, when his peers are feasting beneath the same roof-tree.'

'Come, thou knowest where to pinch me, Barbara; and how to stir the hot blood of the Maxwells—"Tis idle to conceal aught from thee now. Fill me another goblet, and I will satisfy thy questioning." He supped the wine she gave him and then continued:

'Residing in England, thou hast heard no doubt much concerning that villanous conspiracy?'

'Oh, yes—and deeply has it grieved me. Those, Ralph, who are opposed to our religion, will brand us all with the obloquy, that horrible design has raised against a whole community.'

'True, girl, and there lies the cause of my temporary concealment. I was, as you well know, traveling for improvement. I heard abroad a strange story of the detected plot. It was, as I then believed, a wild and exaggerated rumor. I posted homeward, and landed on the coast some sixty miles from this. Judge my astonishment, when there I saw a printed proclamation, and, among many names, a reward offered for my apprehension as one of the chief conspirators!'

Barbara Maxwell sprang from her chair.

'For thee Ralph! Thy name enrolled among a gang of murderers? Didst thou tear down the lying paper, and cudgel to death the villain who had dared to affix it?'

'I did neither, Barbara. The paper remains untorn; and it would have been poor vengeance for the Master of Nithsdale, to beat the beadle's brains out; if he had such.'

'Go on, Ralph. What didst thou, in God's name?'

'What a Maxwell should. I despatched servants for my tried friends, Hay and Seton. They will be here the third day from this. We will ride post to London. I'll reach the presence of James—Ay, though I stab the doorkeeper—fling down my glove before his royal feet, and call on the villain that defamed me to obey the challenge, and fight me to the death.'

'Thou, Ralph—thou, cognizant of that murderous scheme?'

'Ay; Barbara. They had it that I was a foreign agent. By Heaven! I nearly lose all temper, to think that such a felon charge should have whispered against one of the house of Nithsdale. What though we have held our father's faith, when has our loyalty been impeachable? I look to the motto of our arms. When once, our fealty slighted and our services forgotten, in his extremity a king sent to our ill used ancestors for support; when the royal cause was almost hopeless, and others had refused to arm, or sent an evasive reply—what was the answer of our grandsire? *"I am ready!"* But come, Barbara, you must away.—Remember, my love, that a stronger tie than sisterly regard now binds thee.'

'Ralph—why remain here? Come among thy equals boldly, and proclaim your innocence. I will bring my husband here. My life on it, George Selby will maintain his brother's honor against any who dare insinuate aught against it.'

'He has already done it nobly. In a company some days since, my name was coupled with the traitors. Boldly did thy lord assert me to be innocent, and flung his glove upon the floor for any to take up, who would venture to question my loyalty. Barbara, thou hast chosen well, and Selby shall be to me a brother; ay—in love as well as in law. But thou must go—nay, not another minute.—Banish that fearful look. Away then in thy brightest smiles—and tell thy husband that in the court of England's king there is no beauty can match "the border flower."

'Oh—thou wouldst coax me by gross flattery. Answer one question more, and I will leave thee till to-morrow. Why wait the coming of thy friends, and hide thee for another hour? Are not the houses of Nithsdale and Selby united? Hast thou not kinsmen and supporters if thou need'st them, almost within thy call?'

'No, Barbara—the heir of Cærlaverock has been foully wronged, and he alone shall assert his injured honor and wipe the stain away. Did I need assistance was not my father's hall nearer than this of Selby? Did I need allies, is there a Maxwell in the border that would hold back to right me; ay, even were it only to be effected by the sword? Had I sought Cærlaverock, my enemies

would whisper, that the power of the father had screened the offending of the son. Did I permit thy husband to know that I was returned, and his kindred espouse my quarrel, would it not be said that the loyalty of the house of Selby had saved the master of Nithsdale from the consequences of his treason? No; let two days pass. My trusty friends will answer my call. I will burst upon my enemies unawares; and ere they dream that I have ventured on the sea, I will knock at the palace gate, proclaim the traitor has returned, and were the slanderer proud Buckingham himself, if hand and rapier fail not, wash off the stain upon my honor with the blood of him who coupled treason with the name of Ralph of Nithsdale.'

'And must I leave thee in this solitude and thy spirit chafed thus?'

'Oh,—go, my sister. Farewell till morning'—and with a playful effort he led the fair one to the door, bade her a kind adieu, and the next moment was the lonely occupant of the oratory, and left to his meditations for the night.

[Concluded in our next.]

For the Rural Repository.

### A Blighted Genius.

There is an order,  
Of mortals on the earth, who do become  
Old in their youth, and die ere middle age,  
Without the violence of warlike death.—BYRON.

GENIUS is an exceedingly tender plant. It will blossom only where the fostering breezes of care and the kind hand of indulgence, nourish it. How many a one, that, could it have arrived at maturity, would have produced abundance of such fruits, has been doomed to fade, in the very spring-time of its budding, by the cold winds of neglect, or the killing frosts of adversity. And who has not wept for the fragility of this lovely flower? Who has not sighed when contemplating the sad fate of a Kirke White, a Chatterton, a Burns or a Brainard?—Perhaps a solitary tear may be shed by some child of sympathy as his eye glances over these pages, and he reads the melancholy doom of one whose history they contain.

Leander Grosvenor was a genius. Like thousands of that often ill-fated class of beings, he was of humble origin, and destined to feel the mildew of poverty and misfortune on his youthful brow. But with the true spirit of perseverance, he early resolved to surmount all difficulties, press forward and reach the goal of eminence.

Nature had bestowed upon him her choicest boon, a mind noble and lofty—susceptible of the warmest emotions of sensibility. In return for this her kind favor, he proffered her his affections. His love for her was of the purest kind, unadulterated and unwavering, and like a faithful worshipper, he knelt at her shrine, and there poured forth the glowing



sentiments of his keenly sensitive spirit. His ardent soul delighted to drink in her every word—her every breath. Her language was to him the sweetest music, and every strain, as it vibrated on the chords of his heart, lit a smile of pleasure on his countenance, and sent a thrill of ecstasy through his whole frame. The sighing fount and the mellow-toned breeze of morn; the murmuring whisper of eve, the doleful voice of midnight, and the noonday lays of the feathered songster:—all were alike listened to with mute and inexpressible joy.

He loved to wander, at the calm and beautiful hour of evening.

'Where the maze of some bewildered stream  
To deep, untrodden groves his footsteps led,'

and there muse on the volume of creation, spread out before him; and as he gazed on those bright luminaries every where suspended from the portals of the sky, or on the lovely moon as she steadily pursued her way over the silver-paved streets of the 'celestial city'; while I say he beheld all these, and as the deep-toned music of night reverberated through the chambers of his transported heart lost in the boundless regions of imagination, he would sink upon the bosom of earth, there to repose, and enjoy the paradisaical dreams of fancy, till perchance, the golden beams of Phæbus, peeping through the lattice of Aurora shone fully upon him.

Again, he loved at morn or noon-tide hour, to climb some lofty mountain, and view the lovely landscape that, on every side, met his enraptured vision. Beneath him lay perhaps the vernal plain over which were gamboling the sprightly lamb and the nimble fawn, or the far off lake allured his eye, on whose tranquil bosom were seen the light canoe and the bounding skiff, gliding serenely along to the sweet numbers of a thousand warblers. Then he turned to scan the distant mountains, rising in regular succession one above another, seemingly as if for a stairway upon which to ascend into the sky.—Such were the beautiful and grand prospects that he every where beheld—prospects that filled his soul with the most joyous and sublime emotions and with awful veneration for the all-glorious architect of the universe.

Nature was to him, an unsealed book over whose delightful and instructive pages he loved at all times to pore. Every line contained a lesson upon which he could ruminate from day to day without ever becoming wearied or satiated: and each word seemed to speak to him in the language of wisdom. He

'Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.'

But the book of nature was not his only study, and though he worshipped it to a degree almost bordering upon idolatry yet his desire for others was nearly equally

ardent. Indeed, his thirst for knowledge of all kinds was unsurpassable and unquenchable and though his advantages for obtaining it, when quite young, were exceedingly limited, still he did not despond, but grasped every gem that came within his reach, and carefully deposited it in his little cabinet of scientific minerals. His taste for learning was developed at an early age, but till his sixteenth year his privileges for an education, extended not beyond a common district school.

His father, being poor, as well in *intellectual treasures* as in the wealth of mammon, could not so much as many realize the value of learning, nor be so sensible of the longings his son had for it; consequently Leander (being the oldest boy) was kept at home to assist in tilling a few 'paternal acres' till he had arrived at the age of fifteen. His father then, seeing he had a much greater relish for cultivating his mind than the soul, consented to let him attend a public school, so Leander immediately, and with much joy, entered an academy in an adjoining state, where, for two years he applied himself to his studies with a diligence and an ardor that few have equaled—nor ever surpassed. Although he was obliged to labor physically from two to four hours each day to assist in defraying his expences yet during the time he was there, he made such advancement in science, that, were I to enumerate the various books, English, Latin and Greek, through which he studied (and being his classmate most of the time I easily could do it) I should, I fear, stagger at once the belief of the credulous reader, and conduct him or her, in the path of doubt through the remainder of my story. Ergo, suffice it to say that he was always at the head of his class, and that at the end of two years, he came from the academic halls to enter those of a college—the brightest scholar among those who had toiled with him in the classic fields.

I had intended, on his leaving the seminary, as our calling would henceforth be different, and consequently we should be separated, that he should spend the few intervening weeks before he entered college, with me at my father's or in ruralizing through his native New England, the land so replete with enchanting, and delightfully picturesque scenery. But no: much as his heart would have leaped at such a pleasing recreation, his scanty funds would not allow it. All vacations he must devote to some lucrative vocation, so immediately after leaving the academy he commenced a school in vocal music. This innocent calling he pursued till the time of commencement at the college where he intended to enter, which I attended with him and at the close of which I left, and soon after entered into the mercantile business.

During the first two years of Leander's collegiate course, nothing of quiet moment in his history transpired. I learned from communications which I frequently received from him, that his thirst for knowledge was unabated, that his health remained 'good' that, by manual labor, more or less he continued 'square with the world,' and I am quoting his phrases—'in sight of his classmates.'

He had now passed the freshman and sophomore years, and entered the junior, when in one of his epistles he spoke of his declining state of health. Although this was the first time he had mentioned it, yet I had before heard from other correspondence at the same college, that he was subject to frequent and often extremely violent turns of the headache. This he had carefully concealed, not only from me, but his parents, fearing doubtless lest he should be obliged to relinquish his studies. But a short time passed, when the sad news came that a dreadful and, to many it was thought a fatal malady had seized him. He still, however, continued his mental labors, unwilling to quit them even at the chilling command of disease. At last, towards the close of the junior year, with a reluctant heart, and many deep sighs of regret, he closed his books, bid an affectionate adieu to his numerous and beloved school companions, and casting a 'longing lingering look behind,' as he passed, perhaps as he thought for the last time through the portals of science, he retired to his youthful home, to seek amid its soul-reviving scenes, and his dear relatives and friends, a balm for his sickening heart. But all these could not cheer him. Every thing looked dark and dreary to his desponding mind. His once bright and budding germs of future eminence, were blasted, and not a gleam of hope illumined the beclouded sky of his soul.

A few months glided away while he remained in this dismal state. At length he began seemingly to recover. His disease appeared to relax its frightful grasp, his spirits began to revive, and at times he would take his book and attempt to study, but it would be only for a few moments. A dizziness would almost instantly commenced in his head, and a weakness pervade his whole constitution. He could not study, and what should he do! Physicians were, from time to time, consulted, who, finding all medicine unavailing, at last advised him to travel, to visit the salt water—yea, cross it. But how could he do this? Allowing his health would permit his funds would not. The latter difficulty however was soon removed by the kindness of a few opulent neighbors, and feeble as he was, Leander was now fully determined on taking a voyage to Europe. When about to depart, he came to the place where I then resided, which was a seaport town, and from

which he intended to embark. I had not seen him for nearly two years, and only once since he entered college. Alas! what a change in his appearance! His high and once fresh looking forehead, now wore a fading, yellowish hue; his protuberant temples, that once stood out with manly front, were fallen in; and his eyes, no longer glowing with their wonted fiery luster, were sunken and dim, enveloped by a glassy membrane. Such was the appearance of Leander, as I gave him the parting hand, and he embarked for the sunny climes of our fatherland.

Soon after he landed on the opposite shores of the Atlantic, I received a line from him, stating the particulars of his voyage, which was quick and pleasant, and the favorable influence it had on his health, concluding by informing me where to direct an answer. I immediately wrote, according to his directions, and impatiently waited for another letter in return; but before I had time to hear from him again, I was called on business to a southern emporium, and ere I returned, had myself occasion to visit England. It was with no small degree of pleasure that I started, as I hoped to meet Leander, and give him a happy surprisal.

I landed in the British Isle, in the month of September, and soon learned that Leander had taken a tour through the north of England intending, ere he returned, to visit Scotland, and spend a few weeks, at least, in rambling through its romantic regions, its 'bonnie glens' and 'heathy braes.' Having transacted, with much haste, the little business I had to do, I started in search of him, eager also to behold the land renowned for deeds of chivalry and sons of song, the birth-place of Scott and Burns. But the precise course he had taken, I could not trace, and my searchings, after him, seemed destined to prove fruitless.

It was now towards the close of the sober month of October, when, on a beautiful evening, I wandered forth to enjoy for awhile, the sweet converse of nature, or hold communion with the airy beings of my own mind. Every thing around wore a sad and gloomy appearance, according well with the melancholy feelings that ever fill my bosom at that mournful season of the year. Nature no longer presented the laughing phiz of May or the smiling aspect of June, but was arrayed in a funeral-like shroud, apparently weeping for the departure of those her cheerful daughters. Instead of the jocund measures of the linnets and mavis, that lately were chanted so briskly at the gloaming hour, were now heard nought but the doleful wailings of the autumnal gale, sighing amid the sear and falling leaves; and as the saddening moans struck upon my ear, a feeling of awful so-

lemnity stole insensibly, as it were, over me, causing me to weep with nature for the fading of her sweet charms.

O! who with nature does not sympathise?  
Who can behold her decked in mourning veil,  
And listen to her melancholy moans,  
Without himself e'er shedding one lone tear,  
Or heaving forth a solitary sigh?

Sad as may be the feelings produced, I love to commune with her even in the gloomiest mood. There is a pleasure, if I may so express it, in weeping with the afflicted; and he who can behold nature sorrowing, and not himself feel a kindred emotion—I pity. But to my story.

Heedlessly straying, I knew not whither, I at length found myself, in the sacred enclosure of a rural cemetery: and as the empress of night, was now riding near the zenith, and shining with resplendent lustre, I was enabled to define, distinctly every thing about me. For awhile I busied myself in carefully stepping from stone to stone, and perusing the various epitaphs engraven upon them. Each told the age of the person over whose grave it was placed, and occasionally the virtuous qualities of the deceased were enumerated. But what attracted my attention most was the contrast in their ages. Here reposed one who had gone down to the tomb ripe with years; whose locks had become white with the snow of many winters, and who was ready for the harvest ere the sickle of Death cut him down. There lay one who had been hurried from the theatre of life just as he had entered the stage of manhood. Strong, healthy and robust, boasting of vigor and might, in the midst of his exultations, an unseen hand smote him, his strength instantly forsook him, his breath departed, and he was sent to join

'The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To the pale realms of shade when each shall take  
His chamber in the silent halls of Death.'

Another stone tells of one who died at the very dawn of existence, who fled from earth ere the breath of sin had polluted its vestal cheek or the mildew of sorrow had withered the roses of delight that luxuriously blossomed on its tender bosom.

Thus, in deciphering the names on the 'sculptured marble,' and in deep meditation, I busied myself—I know not how long. At last, when about to leave the churchyard, my eye rested on a small stone in one corner of it, beneath which was a newly made grave, and on which was the following:

*In Memory of*

LEANDER GROSVENOR,

*An American youth and a Genius.*

*Who died Sept. 20th 18—aged 21 years.*

This humble stone is here placed by a friend of *genius*—a lover of *worth* and *true excellence*.

I started back with surprise, and doubting whether my eyes did not deceive me, I ap-

proached and again read. Alas! it was too true! it was indeed the kind, the affectionate Leander, the friend of my youth, the partaker of its juvenile sports; my associate in every thing that pertains to early life. He with whom I had sported beside the simpling fount, and gambled over the flower-crowned fields; with whom I had plucked the early daisy, and listened to the merry carol of the woodland throng; with whom I had watched the blossoming and fading beauties of creation—had gazed with delight on the opening charms of Spring and sighed at the gloomy appearance of Autumn; with whom I had climbed the high hill and the majestic mountain, viewing with transport the multitude of fair objects upon which our eager vision rested; with whom I had drank at the fountain of classic lore—had, hand in hand, ascended the rugged cliffs of science.—What then must have been my feelings when I thus unexpectedly beheld his tombstone! No pen can describe them—no imagination conceive them.

But why continue my story longer? The earthly career of Leander Grosvenor was o'er; his short journey of life was finished and he had gone, a *blighted genius*, in the primrose morn of existence, to a lonely grave in a stranger-land.

J. C.

*Dracut, Ms.*

## MISCELLANY.

From the Methuen Falls Gazette.

### Imagination.

The mind can make  
Substance, and people planets of its own  
With beings brighter than have been, and give  
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.

BYRON.

IMAGINATION is the talisman of life. It enables us to create Paradises, and people them with every thing that is pure and lovely, where we may dwell for a while uncontaminated by the noxious vapors of this sublunary scene. It is to imagination that the poet owes his numbers. He goes forth among the beauties of nature, muses upon them till the fire of his inspiration is roused to a blaze almost quenchless; fancy then assumes her placid sway, filling his bosom with ecstasy, while imagination forms upon the *camera obscura* of his mind, an Eden of bliss, where all is fairy-like and poetical.—Then burst forth the spontaneous sentiments of his soul in dulcinated strains, such as would sweeten the acid feelings of the frigid sons of reality, and kindle the embers of joy in the Iceland regions of their heart.

Imagination touches with magic wand the child of contemplation, and the archives of recollection are instantly thrown open, the gay scenes of childhood rise up before his intellectual vision, in all the bright and beau-



tiful coloring of conception, and with a buoyant heart he sails back over the ocean of time, into the calm and delightful harbor of youth. He beholds on the canvass of memory,

The flowery fields and meadows green,  
Where once his lightsome footsteps strayed;  
Where he has passed full many a scene—  
With many a gay companion played;

and while recollection is thus busy in conjuring up the bright visions of the past, the casement of his mind becomes unclosed, admitting into its dark chambers the brilliant rays of the star of delight and consolation.

Again, imagination visits the limner in his happy hours when fancy is clear and vivid, and he sketches his microcosms of ideal loveliness, where he riots amid charms and prospects fairer than the pencil of nature ever 'bodied forth'—where strife and contention are strangers only heard of: where the withering breath of vice and the mildew of despair, are never known;

But where pure love and hope triumphant reign,  
And bind the soul in joy's electric chain.

Reader, pardon these rapid though short flights of my eccentric muse. He who can write upon the pleasures of imagination without having his own excited, has at least no practical knowledge of his subject. He deserves our warmest sympathy. I pity the helpless wight who is doomed to dwell forever in the barren wilderness of reality, who is bound upon the stool of logic, there to sit under the despotic sway of judgment. He knows nothing of the *real* enjoyments of the mind: he never tastes the pure ambrosia of life, or beholds its checkered colorings as seen when beautifully variegated by the prism of imagination. I envy not the happiness of him, the ever-dominant power of whose mind is reason, whose limited view sees nought; but the present—nothing but what is reflected upon the retina of his physical vision. He never describes, with the keen optics of fancy, the bewitching scenery of other far distant countries, the events of by-gone ages, or the relics of fallen greatness. He cannot contemplate, as if before him, those colossean intellects, who were the mighty pioneers of science, pressing forward with undeviating firmness, surmounting, 'Alpine barriers,' and finally gaining the highest seats in the temple of fame and immortality.

But while we are endeavoring to recount a few, 'a passing few,' of the *pleasures* resulting from this process of the mind, we may, perchance, be called upon to point out its *pains*, etc. I grant there may be some, but they spring from its non-regulation. The Imagination, like the other mental faculties, requires discipline.—When well trained, instead of being deleterious to reason, it adds

vigor and perspicuity to it: when otherwise, like a frantic steed it may prove the bane of its possessor. It may then usurp the throne of reason, and undermine the fabric of judgment. But duly cultivate it, and we may then with safety luxuriate occasionally in its ideal creations—may plume its airy wings, and soar through fanciful worlds of delight, and thus avoid being continually a lonely peregrinator in the arid desert of real existence.

J. C.

### A Kiss for a Blow.

A VISITOR once went into a Sabbath school in Boston, where he saw a girl and boy on one seat who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clinched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. 'Stop my dear,' said she, 'you had much better kiss your brother than to strike him.' The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against a blow; but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected his sister, and she took her little handkerchief and wiped away his tears.—But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the little children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men and women, families, and communities, and nations would act on this principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. 'Nation would not lift up sword against nation, neither would they learn war any more.'—*Youth's Cabinet*.

### Marry Him.

MR. ARNOT, an advocate of some literary as well as legal fame, was once called on by a lady not remarkable either for youth, beauty, or good temper, for his advice as to the best method of getting rid of the importunities of a rejected admirer:—'Ye maun ken, Sir,' said the lady, 'that I am a namesake, o' your ain. I am the chief o' the Arnotts, and ye maun just advise me what I ought to do with this impertinent fellow! 'Oh, marry him by all means. It's the only way to get quit of his importunities.' 'I would see him hanged first!' replied the lady, with emphatic indignation. 'Nay, Madam,' rejoined Mr. Arnot; 'marry him directly as I said before, and by the Lord Harry, he'll soon hang himself!'

### A Hint to the Working Classes.

If a man of 22 years of age, begin to save a dollar a week, and put it to interest every year, he would have, at 31 years of age, six hundred and fifty dollars; at 41, one thousand six hundred and eighty; at 51, three thousand six hundred and eighty; at 61, six thousand one hundred and fifty; and at 71, eleven thousand five hundred dollars. When we look at these sums, and when we think how much temptation and evil might be avoided in the very act of saving them, and how much good a man in humble circumstances might do for his family by these sums, we cannot help wondering that there are not more savers of \$1 a week.

**HOW MEN SHOULD TREAT WOMEN.**—A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this subject:—'When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight.—And wouldst thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not: nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved.'

### Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

G. A. Lowell, Ms. \$1.00; C. H. C. Woburne, Ms. \$1.00; P. M. Boonville, N. Y. \$2.00; H. K. East Nassau, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. C. Hoosick Falls, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. Oregon, N. Y. \$1.00; B. H. L. Nassau, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. Maple Grove, N. Y. \$1.00; C. H. M. Nassau, N. Y. \$1.50; P. M. Medina, N. Y. \$3.00; J. M. Foster Dale, N. Y. \$1.00; C. K. Centre Cambridge, N. Y. \$1.00; E. J. H. Saratoga Springs, N. Y. \$2.00; C. P. Watervliet, N. Y. \$1.00; E. M. Centerfield, N. Y. \$1.00; H. H. North Penfield, N. Y. \$1.00; P. H. S. Oswego, N. Y. \$1.00; E. T. Oakville, N. Y. \$1.00; D. W. Stephentown, N. Y. \$1.00; M. S. Erie, Pa. \$2.00; T. W. P. Canton, Miss. \$1.00; J. D. A. Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; L. D. McLean, N. Y. \$1.00; H. C. Peru, Ms. \$1.00; W. C. P. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00.

### MARRIED.

In this city, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. William Whitaker, Mr. Joseph Bush to Miss Mary Hanes.

By the same, on the 23d ult. Mr. Abraham Miller to Miss Mary Ann Kemper.

At Athens, on Sunday evening the 31st ult. by the Rev. Lewis Thibou, Mr. John B. Leffingwell to Miss Imogene N. Morton.

At New-York, on the 6th ult. by the Rev. Henry A. Rowland, Allen Jordan, Esq. of this city, to Miss Jane P. daughter of Mr. Richard Cook, of New-York.

In Claverack, on the morning of the 19th ult. by the Rev. R. Shlyter, Dexter Legate, Esq. of Charlemont, Mass. to Miss Lenah Benner, daughter of Mr. Henry Benner, of the former place.

At Greenport, on the 23d ult. by the Rev. R. Shlyter, Mr. Cornelius A. Van Deusen to Miss Eliza Henderson, both of the above place.

At Stockport, on the 21st ult. by the Rev. A. Scovill, Mr. Augustus Cross to Miss Margaret T. Whitlock, daughter of Thomas Whitlock, of Stockport.

### DIED.

In this city, on Saturday the 23d ult. Martha, daughter of Mr. Robert Taylor, in the 20th year of her age.

On the 21st ult. Moses Myers, in his 39th year.

On the 28th ult. Mr. Charles Shepherd, in his 40 year.

On the 30th ult. Ellen Frasier, in her 65th year.

On the 1st inst. Mr. Justus Hardick, in his 49th year.

At Claverack, on the 25th ult. William H. Freeland, Esq. a member of the bar of this county.

At Natchez, Miss. on the 12th of October last, of the yellow fever, Mr. George G. Barnard, son of Timothy and Mary Barnard, formerly of this city, in the 30th year of his age.

On Monday evening the 4th ult. William Court, Esq. aged 67 years, formerly a merchant in Mogadore, Africa. He was a man distinguished for great urbanity of manners. This gentleman was the individual who 37 years ago, redeemed Captain Judah Paddock, of Hudson, (deceased,) and Mr. John Clark, now living in New-York, from the Arabs.—*Com. Advertiser*



## ORIGINAL POETRY.

From the Troy Budget.

THE following lines were written by Miss Cynthia H. Stow, who perished in the sad and melancholy wreck of the 'Home' in October last, and were given to her brother a few hours before she embarked on her fatal voyage. He has handed them to us for publication, of which they are indeed worthy. There is a deep melancholy pervading them, which is 'pleasant though mournful to the soul,' and, one can easily imagine, almost prophetic of the afflictive event which overtook their gifted author. If the doctrine that the dead are the unwearied witnesses of our conduct and our constant attendants, be true, how beautiful and touchingly appropriate are the first three stanzas!

Miss Stow was a young lady of superior attainments, of a well regulated mind, and of uncommon promise. She was educated in this city, and there are not a few here who can appreciate her worth, and sincerely sympathize with her relatives in their irreparable loss.

## To my Brother.

WHEN the last rays, at twilight's hour.

Fall gently o'er the drooping flower—

When mists are gathering on the hill,

Nor sound is heard save mountain rill;

Then hear the echo whispering near,

In softest accents to thine ear—

I love thee, dearest brother!

When silence reigns through earth and sea—

When glows the star of Memory—

When music wakes her thrilling tone,

And Autumn winds around thee moan—

Their accents hear, and oh rejoice!

For, hark! there comes a well-known voice—

I love thee, dearest brother!

When fancy lifts her radiant wing,

And morning birds around thee sing—

When joy lights up the beaming eye,

And love's enchantment too is nigh—

When calm blue waters round thee flow,

Then hear thy sister, breathing low—

I love thee, dearest brother!

Should disappointment's withering breath

Consign thy brightest hopes to death—

Should friendship's trust, in boyhood made,

In after years prove faith betrayed;

Then to thy sister yet return,

For oh, her heart will fondly burn

To clasp her dearest brother!

Should sorrow cloud thy coming years,

And bathe thy prospects all in tears,

Remember that the rainbow's hue

Is bright 'mid clouds and sunshine too:

Remember though we're doomed to part,

There lives one fond and faithful heart

That loves her dearest brother!

From the Christian Keepsake for 1838.

## The Bereavement.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

LIFT up thine eyes, afflicted soul,

From earth uplift thine eyes,

Though dark the evening shadows roll,

And daylight beauty dies,

One sun is set—a thousand more

Their rounds of glory run

Where science leads thee to explore

In every star a sun.

Thus when some long loved comfort ends,  
And nature would despair,  
Faith to the heaven of heavens ascends,  
And meets ten thousand there,  
First faint and small, then clear and bright,  
They gladden all the gloom,  
As stars that seem but points of light  
The rank of suns assume.

## Farewell Requests.

BY MRS. AEDY.

ERE the last fleeting ties of life are broken,  
While those I love around me weeping stand,  
Let me dispense to each some parting token  
Of one fast hastening to the spirit-land:  
Language and gifts but feebly can impart  
The deep affection of my ardent heart,  
Yet, dearest friends, these last memorials take,  
And prize them for my sake.

Father—thy high and stainless reputation  
By the pure diamond well may imaged be,  
Accept this ring—see how its radiation  
Casts round its neighborhood a brilliancy,  
Within thy home I thus have honored dwelt,  
And when the world has praised me, I have felt  
That in its homage I should not partake,  
Save for my father's sake.

Mother—this locket thou wilt fondly cherish,  
Not for its outward shrine of gold and pearls,  
It guards a part of me that need not perish,  
One of my lavish store of auburn curls;  
Methinks I could not to thy share assign  
Aught that appeared so fully, truly, mine—  
This relic of thy grateful daughter take,  
And wear it for her sake.

Sister, receive this lute, its sprightly numbers  
Once gaily sounded by our joyous hearth,  
But when thou see'st me laid in death's cold slumbers,  
Touch it no more to songs of festal mirth;  
Sing of the meetings of fond friends above,  
Sing of God's wondrous grace and pardoning love,  
These holy strains at peaceful evening wake,  
For thy poor sister's sake.

Brother—my little brother—thou hast tended  
Often with me my greenhouse plants and flowers:  
Take their sole charge—they safely are defended  
By fostering walls from sudden blights and showers,  
Thus in thy childhood in its tender bloom  
Trained with fond care and kept from storm and gloom,  
Dear child, improvement daily strive to make,  
For thy kind parent's sake.

I seek in vain one absent, erring brother,  
Alas! he wanders on a foreign sod,  
Yet when thou next shalt see him, give him, mother,  
This sacred volume—'tis the word of God:  
Tell him his sister asked in constant prayer,  
That he in its blest promises might share,  
Bid him from sin's delusive trance awake,  
For his soul's previous sake.

Loved ones—why gaze upon these gifts with sadness,  
My worldly wants and wishes are at rest,  
Dost thou not know I go in trusting gladness  
To take possession of a vast bequest?  
That heritage was by my Saviour given,  
When he descended from his throne in heaven,  
Sorrow and suffering on himself to take,  
For man's poor sinful sake.

Not mine alone those treasures of salvation,  
The precious boon extends, dear friends, to thee,

Then mourn not for our transient separation;  
But when I leave thee, think and speak of me,  
As of a freed one mounting to the skies,  
Called from a world of snares and vanities,  
Her place amid the blessed saints to take,  
For her Redeemer's sake.

## 'The Summer's Gone.'

THE summer's gone—and every flower  
That waved its beauties to the sun  
Has bloomed its brief but lovely hour,  
Has shed its fragrance—and is gone.

The summer's gone—and many a hope  
That budded with the early spring,  
Has seen its blossoms brightly ope  
To wither like a blighted thing!

The summer's gone—and many an eye,  
That brightly shone, in tears is shrouded—  
And hearts that loved us—withered lie,  
Or worse than this, by coldness clouded.

The summer's gone—but soon again,  
Shall blush and breathe upon the air,  
The enameled flower, and paint the glen,  
But those I loved will not be there.

From the London Metropolitan.

## The Friends of Early Years.

BY MRS. AEDY.

I SOUGHT my youthful home again;  
The birds poured forth a tuneful strain,  
The silver stream its waters flung  
O'er banks where blushing wild flowers clung;  
The lambs were sporting on the lea,  
Light waved the milk-white hawthorn tree:  
And yet I viewed the scene with tears,  
I mourned the Friends of Early Years.

I left that spot of light and bloom,  
To seek the church-yard's sheltered gloom;  
They slept beneath the mossy earth,  
Unsung, untold, their simple worth;  
Yet fondly, sadly, I avowed  
That none amid the dazzling crowd  
Had shared my hopes or soothed my fears.  
Like these—the Friends of Early Years.

That home I wish not now to see,  
It boasts no charm, no joy for me;  
Yet Time my feelings cannot chill,  
My faithful friends are near me still;  
I lift to them my longing eyes,  
Where'er I view the peaceful skies,  
For there the blessed home appears  
Where dwell the Friends of Early Years.

## Almanacks for 1838.

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A. STODDARD'S Bookstore.

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